

Red Vs Blue: Project Artemis

by Zac and Artemis

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Summary: The Reds and Blues, once again, attract the attention of a very special Freelancer...and this one doesn't just want to kill them...she REALLY, REALLY wants to kill them! Warning-Lots of F-Bombs involved.

Red Vs Blue: Project Artemis

****Halo: Red Vs Blue-Project Artemis****

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><p>Desc- Well, if you haven't figured out who one of the main characters will be from the title then...oh well. You'll just have to read and find-out. Anyway, as a sub-project to Freelancer, Project "Artemis" was creating a soldier unlike any other, even more so than the Freelancers themselves. Most of the way through, it was deemed failed, so a test subject was left with Freelancer armor, but no built-in abilities or A.I. Upon termination, the subject was put away in tight security at the very station Washington and Church set-off the EMP...once the safety protocols were disabled, the subject escaped...and, of course, she runs into the Reds and Blues...<p>

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><p>"Hey Grif...do you know why we're here?"<p>

Grif and Simmons, once again, stood side-by-side atop their new "red base" and stared out over the land, "blue base" far off in the distance. This is what they always did, all day, every day...unless, you know, they had to go and attack the Blues.

"...somehow, I think I'd just fuck-up the answer if I even tried to respond." Grif replied, turning to face his half-cyborg "friend."

"Yeah, you're probably right." Simmons agreed, nodding his head.

The two remained there in silence for a few more moments until a sudden explosion caught their attention from beside their base.

"God-frggin...DAMNIT!"

"Sarge! Sarge, what is it!" Simmons shouted, running to the edge of the roof to peer over the it.

"I...uh...I think we got another one of them Freelance-"

"Fuck-it, I'm going to hide in a corner now." Grif cut in as he started to enter the base through a ramp.

"Wait! Grif! How do you know he's going to say 'Freelancer?'" Simmons asked, turning to see Grif already inside.

"The same reason you do: Cuz he already said 'Free,' and cuz we're like fuckin' Freelancer magnets." he called back.

Simmons paused for a second then started to follow him, "Yeah, you're right. I don't wanna get into this."

"Simmons! Grif? SOLDIERS! What do you think you are doing!" Sarge shouted from the front of the base, "Why are you not responding and/or assisting me! Insubordination! MUTINY, damnit!"

There were a few seconds of silence after that, but another, feminine voice made it's way to the roof (even though no one was around to hear it there), "...who the hell are you talking to?"

* * *

><p>"Hey...Tucker...Tucker...hey Tucker...TUCKER...hey Tucker...TUCKER. TUCKER. TUCKER. TUCKER. TUCK- "<p>

"Dear FUCKING GOD, CABOOSE...shut-UP!"

Meanwhile, on the opposite side of the gulch, three Blues were...well, one Blue was trying to see what was going on with the Reds.

"I swear, of you say my name ONE MORE TIME, I will run you through with my sword." Tucker, who was lucky enough (or maybe unlucky enough, depends on your point of view) to find a sword left behind by an ancient alien race, was forced to keep Caboose, the idiot of the Blue team, busy while Church, the..."leader" of the Blue team (as well as cybernetic A.I...don't ask, it's a whole other story.), tried to see what was happening at the red base via Sniper Rifle scope.

"From what I can tell...the Reds have a visitor...maybe a new recruit, or..." Church lowered the rifle and turned to his team, "They've hired a Freelancer."

Tucker and Caboose stared at Church for a few seconds, then, "Church...are we going to die?"

"No Caboose. Freelancers can't touch us anymore." Church answered,

"Remember? We got Washington, now!"

"What...oh yeah! Agent Washtub!" Caboose shouted, "He can protect us! YAY!"

Tucker walked to Church and turned him away from the celebrating Caboose, "You do know that Wash only helps if it's relevant to him, right?"

"Yeah, but it's better than Caboose panicking." Church reminded.

"...right...So is this Freelancer a girl, or a guy?"

"I don't know...I ca-wait, why does is matter!" Church thought he already knew the answer, but felt he had to ask anyway.

"Bow-chicka-wow-wow...enough said."

Church, sighing, turned back to the Red Base and looked through the Scope again, "I hate...all of you..."

"Even me?" Caboose asked, approaching his two teammates.

"ESPECIALLY YOU, Caboose."

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><p>Meanwhile at red base, the new arrival was making herself comfortable inside. She immediately sat down, her legs crossed and up on the table with arms behind her back. Sarge lowered his shotgun and tilted his head at her in confusion. Not only did she LOOK odd, but she just came into his base as if she was returning to her vacation house in Miami.<p>

"Um, miss...miss...uh, miss whatever-yer-name-is, what exactly are you doing?" Sarge asked, placing the shotgun on it's magnet-lock holster on his back.

"First off..." the rogue said, "Name's Artemis...I'm a Freelancer of sorts..." she sat upright and stared at Sarge through her visor, "Second...I'm just relaxing before I go and find-out where the Alpha is...as well as any more Freelancers, A.I., and other people related to Project Freelancer."

Sarge felt inclined to tell Artemis everything...about how everyone currently in the Gulch was related to project Freelancer...since she was a lady, but then he remembered why she wanted to know said info: So she could kill, maim, and/or mutilate them...maybe he could send her upon the Blues!

"What a great idea!" Sarge shouted in (un)silent victory.

Artemis now gave HIM the confused head-tilt, "What's a great idea...?"

Sarge quickly regained control over himself and started to explain to her (half) the truth, "You see, the leader of the other base, the Blue Base, Church, is, well, was, Alpha, but every A.I. was deleted

in an EMP, except for the memory one...reptilian, or something..."

Artemis gave Sarge a nod to continue.

"So now, Church is the last A.I. and his second in command, Tucker, helped him to get his current body, along with the dark-blue armored idiot of theirs, Caboose."

"Caboose? His name is Caboose?" Artemis asked in disbelief.

"And you're named after a Greek goddess, ma'am." Sarge pointed out.

"Fair enough..."

"Lastly, two other Freelancers are in cohorts with them."

Inside her helmet, Artemis raised a brow, curious as to who these two were.

"Agent Wash stays with them now, while the other one, Church's girlfriend, visits frequently. All the other Freelancers are dead, save for those two." Sarge concluded.

"So...which one is Church's girlfriend?" Artemis asked.

"Oh, uh...right! Agent Tex...she's a mean one, she is..." Sarge paused then added, "And likes to beat the crap out of us occasionally..." Artemis quickly burst to her feet and went for the door, intending to raid the Blues immediately. Sarge followed her out, "Wait! Ya need a vehicle? We got a Warthog you can use!"

"No, I prefer to run." Artemis stated simply, making small adjustments to her armor.

"Before you go, would you mind explaining the reason behind the ears, tail, and muzzle attachments to your armor? As well as why you don't have any visible weapons?" Sarge asked as she was crouching to sprint.

"Hmm...basically, for me, beast-mode is always on." she answered before making-off at inhuman speeds to Blue Base.

Sarge watched her run off into the distance, dust kicking up behind her, "...glad she's not trying to kill us. She seems worse than Tex, Wyoming, and The Meta combined!" he then walked back inside and shouted, "Good news, men! The Blues are about to get ripped a new one!...maybe even two!"

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><p>"Oh crap...Tucker, get Wash now." Church ordered, "She heading here now, and she's fast as hell."<p>

Tucker nodded, "What she riding in?"

Church didn't want to turn around, as he was too scared to look away, "She's not."

"Oh...fuck." Tucker then immediately ran inside to tell Washington about the new Freelancer.

"Hey Church, when's the next time Tex comes back?" Caboose asked.

"I actually think she's on her way now. It's been a month, right?" Church wondered aloud, "Tex, if you can hear me..." Church muttered, sending his transmitter as far as possible, "We are in serious need of help. Some new Freelancer arrived, even though you said you and Wash were the only ones left...and I think we're all going to die..." Church raised his rifle and aimed at the inbound Artemis as best he could, "FUCKING HEEEEEEEEEEEEELP!" he proceeded to open fire while Caboose ran in circles screaming.

Artemis scooped her visor in to see two Blues atop the Base, then zoomed back out before she tripped, "Heh, wonder how good they'll be?" she thought aloud immediately before receiving Church's open frequency message to Tex, "Crying for help? Hmm, the team must suck on their own, if that's the case...ah well, still got two Freelancers!"

She snickered before seeing a flash from ahead, then quickly hopped and slid under a sniper shot, the bullet missing by inches, "Close..." she continued to slide, three more shots hitting the ground around her, until slamming her feet down, flipping twice, and landing on her feet behind a large rock for cover.

"Heh, if he can actually hit me, I'll give him an award." she took a moment to prepare before dashing out to the side, her head low and her feet flying fast while her tail swiveled behind her. More bullets hit the dirt around her, but none came too close. She twitched a few of her fingers, then clenched her fists to activate one of the many capabilities built into her suit, "If you couldn't hit me before..." the suit sent specific amounts of adrenaline and electricity through her body, allowing her to push herself to run faster and harder.

Church frantically reloaded then looked back to see Artemis suddenly gain A LOT more speed, "The fuck...? C'mon!" she quickly made it to the hill in front of the base then jumped off the top of it. Due to the immense speed she had, she was able to fly through the air directly to Church and Caboose, "Oh shit...RUUUUUUN!"

Caboose was already inside, so Church was distracted for a moment and cursed himself for staying with Caboose, then he remembered the inbound Freelancer and made for the ramp firing off random shots in Artemis's direction, "Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck...FUCK ME!"

He was unable to make it to the ramp in time, so he threw the rifle away and dove to the side as Artemis crashed into the roof and slid across it, ripping up the concrete through the spot Church was a moment ago. Church started to scramble to his feet, not wanting to say hello, and head for the edge of the roof so he could jump off and try for the front door.

"Get your tail back here!" Artemis laughed climbing out of some rubble with a toothy grin behind her helmet.

Check turned to look at her, taking in the ears, muzzle, tail and

everything else. She wore mostly black armor, with white detail on the shoulders, following the arms and legs, around the waist, and around her wrists. The visor was a dark red, like blood. Her tail swished around slowly.

"Well...this is an interesting last sight..." he muttered before Tucker ran out onto the roof via ramp.

"Hey dude! He said he'd help! We're save-oh fuck she's here..." Tucker turned to Artemis and stared her up and down, then froze his gaze on her chest, "Nice rack." he stated stupidly, "What size?"

Artemis looked to Tucker, then down at herself, more specifically, her breasts, which were pretty decently shown-off due to the incredibly tightly fit armor. She was even starting to question how she got into the armor to begin with, "Thanks for noticing!" she laughed, "I think I'm a D." she answered with a nod.

"Tucker...she's trying to kill us, and you're hitting on her...?" Church asked, completely dumbfounded.

"Hey, I'm a lover, not a...die-er." he answered before turning to Artemis again, "Hey, if you don't kill or hurt us, I'll rock your world instead. Whaddya say?"

Artemis climbed entirely out of the rubble then shook her head, "Sorry, but, I don't even know how to get out of my armor." she answered, "Thanks for the offer though."

"How does she go to the bathroom...?" Church wondered.

Artemis spotted something of interest on Tucker's leg, then zoomed in on it and scanned it with her visor. After finding that it was an unclassified weapon, she became very curious and wanted to see it herself, "Maybe if you let me use that weapon of yours, I'll let you live." she offered.

Tucker set his rifle down and pulled out the sword hilt, "I don't think you'll like it though...it only works for me."

"Don't tell her that!" Church shouted, "Damnit, idiot!"

Artemis began to approach Tucker, still determined to use his mysterious weapon, "Lemme see it...now." she ordered darkly.

"Well...I guess if you really want to..." Tucker suddenly flicked his arm back, the sword activating with a spark of white light, "Then here it is!" he thrust it forwards, aiming for her visor, "Stab, bitch!"

He thought he had her, but he blinked and suddenly her visor was touching his and she had his arm locked in both her hands.

"How'd you know I was a female dog?" she asked.

"I...wait, what?" Tucker asked in return before Artemis reared back then slammed her helmet into his, "Gah! Fuck!"

Tucker started to fall backwards in a daze while Church ran away again. Artemis twisted on her foot and grabbed Tucker's sword arm, grabbing him and throwing him at Church while ripping the sword out of his hand. Tucker slammed into Church and they both fell off the side. Immediately after, the sword deactivated.

"Huh? The hell happened! It won't turn back on! FUCK!" Artemis angrily shook the hilt, "I'll have to assimilate his DNA before I can use it, most likely..."

"Well...I'll be damned...Ari...when did you get out?" Artemis turned to see Agent Washington walking out of the base in his normal armor.

Artemis stared at him intently, remaining silent. She knew his name, knew what he was, and knew what he could do, but that was it. She had no other memories of him, as if the one's she did were artificial, "...Wash...what am I?"

Washington shrugged and took a step towards her, "I'd like to know myself, actually."

Artemis clenched her fists and gritted her teeth, "Project Freelancer...Carolina...Tex...Alpha...Epsilon... Artemis...war..." she growled, reaching up to her helmet and unlocking it, "All these words...fragments of memories, terrible memories, but nothing else...I don't know who I am, or what I am...so I'm begging you...please tell me who I am..." she ripped the helmet away from her head to reveal the head of a black-furred wolf with bright yellow eyes, yet a look of pain, confusion, and anger that was distinctly human was clearly shown, "Or I'll kill every fucker in the canyon!"

Washington remained calm, as if he had seen Artemis's actual form before...which he had, "You were a project like us, except even more perverted and deadly."

"And...?" she asked hopefully.

"That's it. You never had a life before that. The only times I saw you, you were asleep. In fact, the moment you got out of containment was the first time you were every awake." he continued, "All of your memories were created and out into your mind so you would know basically what was going on." he watched as Artemis's expression slowly changed from hopeful to despair, "You basically don't even exist. At least, you shouldn't exist, anyway."

Artemis dropped her helmet, her head hanging low and her arms limp, "So...I...I'm nothing?" she asked.

"Yeah."

"Then I'll become something..." she muttered, "I'll become the one that wiped every trace of Project Freelancer and this Gulch from existence! Starting with killing YOU!"

Artemis placed the sword hilt on a magnet lock on her leg while simultaneously kicking her helmet at Washington. He easily caught it and started to lower his arm, but before he could move an inch, Artemis was already a foot away, "Shit!"

With a somewhat feral roar, Artemis round-house kicked Washington so hard, he flew back into one of the large metal barriers, broke through it, then hit the ground about twenty feet away from the base. He slid across the ground for a few more feet before finally coming to a stop, then he slowly stood back to his feet.

"Holy shit...she can kick HARD!" Washington looked down at her helmet and turned it over in his hands a few times, "I think that armor of hers gives her a bit of an advantage...if I could only get it off..."

"He Wash! How's the fight going? Ya kill her yet?" Washington looked up to see Church standing in the entrance to their base, waving, "Are we safe again?"

"No, I didn't kill her yet! She just fuckin' kicked me off the roof of the base like a soccer ball!" he answered, "I'm gonna need Tex's help on this one, so stall Artemis as long as you can!"

With that, Washington turned and ran off to the red base, an idea forming, "Wait, what! Artemis? Her name is ARTEMIS! You want US to STALL HER! We're gonna get fucking murdered!" Washington was already out of range to hear him though, "God-damnit!"

"Looks like Wash got scared!" Artemis laughed from the roof, "Hey Blues! Ready to get murdered?"

"FUCK ME-I TOLD YOU!" Church screamed, running inside to hide.

* * *

><p>Washington made it to the Red Base shortly after. He ran inside looking for Sarge and the others, "Sarge! Simmons! Grif! Guys! Where are you!" After hearing no response for about a minute, he started to suspect that Artemis had already been there, and then he heard some kind of music from the floor, "A basement...? Since when did?-nevermind." he quickly found his way to the basement to see the Reds partying, with rave music, strobe lights, the works.<p>

"Ye-heah! Those assholes are finally dead!" Grif cheered, "This is awesome!"

"For once, I agree with you, Dirtbag!" Sarge laughed.

"I know! Now we can do whatev-oh crap." Simmons froze in the middle of his awkward dancing after noticing Washington standing in the doorway with Artemis's helmet in hand, "Wash is here..."

"Uh, Wash! We weren't uh, celebrating your death, or anything like that." Grif stated.

"Yeah, nor did I trick Artemis into attacking you guys!" Sarge added.

"Yeah, that's great and all, but I-wait you did what!" Washington gave Sarge an angry scowl from behind his visor, then continued, "Whatever, listen. Either you help us tame her, or she'll come after you guys next." Washington explained.

"I figured you were going to say that..." Grif complained.

"Yeah, alright...what do you have in mind?" Simmons asked, sighing.

"Well...remember how all the Freelancers got A.I.?" he asked, "So did she. She was unfortunate enough to get Alpha's sanity. It was never given an actual name..."

"Okay, so how does that help us? Doesn't it make things worse!" Grif asked, starting to panic more.

"Normally, it wouldn't, but Alpha didn't have any sanity left after it's entire ordeal. So she actually just got some insane A.I." he concluded, "Meaning that her already messed-up head can get even more messed-up if we make her use her suit's abilities a lot."

There were a few seconds of silence while the team took in the news, then Simmons spoke up, "So...you want to let her beat the living shit out of us until sue goes completely nuts?"

"Uhm...I guess if you want to put it that way, then yes, I do." Washington agreed with a shrug, "Now we just gotta do this until Tex arrives."

"What, so she can help! She'll probably just end-up kicking me in the balls again instead of helping us!" Grif complained some more, "You know chicks: They stick together so they can beat the crap out of us guys!"

"Well she's our only chance, so get over it!" Washington, reached back and pulled out a grenade launcher, "So let's go...probably get killed!"

* * *

><p>"WhhhhhhhhaaaaaAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"<p>

Caboose ran in circles (more) in front of Blue Base while Artemis focused on Tucker and Church, "You know, I think I'll keep the idiot alive." Artemis giggled, "He's entertaining."

"He's fucking retarded!" Church shouted, waving his sniper rifle.

"Also. Can I have my sword back?" Tucker asked, looking at his tiny dagger sadly, "I'd like to brandish something that more resembles me."

Artemis grabbed the hilt of Tucker's sword and shook it a few times, "What? You mean a sword that won't stay up for women?"

Church turned to Tucker, "Damn dude...she just burned you."

Tucker dropped his dagger and looked down, "That...that was cold..."

Artemis shrugged and tossed the hilt into the air in between them, "Whatever."

"Normally I'm a lover, not a fighter..." Tucker muttered, "But I'm not going to take that. I'm going to make you eat those words, even if you are a girl!" he jumped and grabbed his sword, flicking it and activating the energy blade, "A furry, scary, murderous, girl!"

Artemis gave Tucker a wry smug, "Ganna try to rock my world?" she mocked.

Church started to inch away, "I'm ganna let you handle this one..."

"Fuck yeah, I am." Tucker lunged at Artemis, determined to take her down.

Artemis stepped to the side, the sword swishing by her and missing by only a few centimeters, "Oh, close." Tucker quickly swiped it horizontally at her, but she dodged again, this time by kneeling under it, "Close again!" Tucker attempted a jab at her, but she jumped back, far back, and dodged yet again, "Guess I'm just too fast." Artemis mocked with a shrug, "Now it's your turn to dodge!"

"Oh crap..." Tucker took a step back shakily raising his sword in defense.

Artemis dashed at Tucker and reached him in a second, then quickly slid to a halt and round-house kicked him before he could react, "You're so slow! If you were trying to please me, you failed."

Tucker shakily started to sit up, his sword stuck in the ground beside him, "Yeah, I'm finished, but at least it's explosive."

"What?" Artemis gave him a confused stare before looking down and seeing an uncoupled grenade, "Fuck!" Tucker covered his head from rubble with his sword hand, then started to lower it after the explosion and small rain of rock and dirt, but suddenly felt a hand grasp his wrist tightly, "Hm, actually, you were pretty good."

"So...you're not going to kill me now, right?" Tucker asked sheepishly.

"No," Artemis lifted him up then twisted his wrist, "I still am." she forced the sword out of his hand then bit down onto his arm, actually cracking the armor with her teeth. She forcefully ripped her head away while throwing Tucker in the opposite direction, creating large gnash marks in the suit where crimson blood was dripping.

Artemis had small drops of blood dripping from her teeth, which she was catching in her right hand, "Alright...analyzing DNA...copying..." she tossed the sword hilt into the air, then caught it in her right hand, flicking it with a grin, "Done." the sword activated with a flash, but instead of its normal white-ish blue, it was instead a dark crimson, "I like it...I like it a lot." she looked the sword over, admiring it, "It's right down my ally."

"H...heh, you WISH my sword was right down your ally..." Tucker joked, standing shakily and holding his wounded arm.

"Ya know, so far from what I've seen..." Artemis started lowering her sword arm, "You're probably the most capable soldier in this entire gulch, not counting me or Wash, of course."

Tucker nodded, "Well, I've always known that, but thanks for letting me hear it out loud."

"You still suck."

Tucker kept his mouth shut.

"Hey Bitch! I got a bullet with your name on it!" Artemis looked over her shoulder to see Wash and the entire Red Team atop the hill, the sun behind them and their shadows casting far. Wash held a grenade launcher and a pistol, Sarge had his shotgun over the shoulder, Simmons held his rocket launcher, and Grif, the one that called her out, held a Battle Rifle.

"Really now..." Artemis muttered, closing her eyes and rubbing her head in anxiety, "Ugh...this mass of stupidity is giving me a headache." she snapped her eyes open and glared at Grif with her intense yellow eyes, "Guess I'll have to kill you all fast."

Grif took a step back, "Okay...I just pissed myself..."

"Shut-up, Dirtbag, it'll match your armor." Sarge ordered.

"I'm not yellow, damnit! I'm ORANGE!" Grid complained.

"Seriously! Shut up!" Wash yelled turning to look over his shoulder, "She's got a point, you idiots!"

"Glad you agree!" Artemis crouched low, flicking a few fingers on her left hand before clenching her fist, "Now let's see whatch'yall got!"

"Gladly." Washington aimed and fired a grenade at Artemis, but she merely grinned and swatted it away with her sword. It exploded a few meters away, then she activated her suit again.

"Try to keep up."

She kicked off, dirt shooting up behind her, and charged Washington and the others. Wash reloaded quickly then started to dodge to his right. Grif and Simmons ran in opposite directions while Sarge took aim with his shotgun.

"Let's tango, Missy!" Sarge roared.

Washington dodged Artemis's slash, while Sarge pulled the trigger. With a loud bang, Artemis was sent reeling back a couple feet from the force of a close-range blast. Everyone looked at Sarge in amazement, even Artemis, after she sat up, of course.

"Fuck! This suit is reinforced with diamond and you-gah!" Artemis looked down and saw that a few pellets had penetrated the suit and hit her body, "Fuck! This is what pain is like..." she gritted her

teeth and grinned a little, "It actually feels kinda nice, hehe..."

"She is one messed-up chick..." Simmons stated.

"Seriously, Sarge, that is one awesome shotgun." Washington complimented.

"Modified it with ownium!" Sarge laughed, "Hehe, discovered it myself!"

"I'm...not even gonna respond to that." Washington looked back to Artemis, noticing that small streams of blood were trickling down her waist and legs, "We might not need Tex, after all."

"Oh no...I'm not done yet." Artemis lowered her sword and deactivated it, then started to tap a few buttons on her right wrist pad, "Not by a long shot."

Pieces of armor all over her body started to shift around. Everyone watched as her already apparently tight armor condensed into a jumpsuit of sorts. Some of the larger pieces of armor even fell off, including the chestplate, shoulders, and kneepads.

Artemis glared at everyone, lowering her arms and taking a deep breath, when Tucker felt like he had to give his two cents, "...hey guys...anyone mind if we keep her instead of kill her?"

"Don't worry, I never intended to kill her." Washington agreed, "We just need her to calm the fuck down so I can get the A.I. out of her system."

"Go ahead and try!" Artemis shouted.

"If you say so." Washington shot another grenade at Artemis, but she quickly pulled the sword back out to deflect it again.

"This didn't work before, why would it work now!" Grif shouted.

"This is why." Washington released the radio signal just as Artemis swatted the grenade, and it exploded with a weak EMP burst, knocking Artemis off her feet as well as the sword out of her hands.

Tucker caught his sword and the color changed back to white, while Artemis hit the ground on her back and rolled. Once she stopped, the small holes that were in the flexible parts of her suit from Sarge's shotgun became much larger, exposing her black and white-furred body in small patches.

"Mother...Fu-" Artemis was cut off as Tucker stepped onto her stomach, "Gwoof! FUCKER!"

"Wrong! It's TUCKER!" he shouted, deactivating his sword and placing it at his hip.

"Alright, Tucker, don't piss her off any more than she already is." Washington warned.

"But she insulted my manhood!" Tucker complained.

"Whatever! Just step away from her, please." Washington was starting to back away slowly, "She'll destroy you, if you don't."

"I'd like to see her try." Just as Tucker said that, Artemis grabbed onto his ankle tightly, "Aw fuck."

She threw Tucker's leg up, tossing him off balance, then rolled back onto her hands, preparing to push off and kick into the air. Tucker was just starting to regain his balance when Artemis planted her feet into his visor. Tucker landed hard on his back, while Artemis landed behind him on her feet, already crouched and ready to keep going.

"One idiot down..." she muttered before glaring at Sarge, "Now let's see that shotgun hit me again."

"Uh-oh." Sarge took a step back and raised his shotgun again, preparing to fire or dodge.

Artemis dashed at him, moving faster than ever before. Sarge didn't even have time to think about shooting before she was within range to punch him. With a loud crack, Artemis slammed her fist into Sarge's chest, cracking the chestpiece. Sarge was sent flying backwards about twenty yards before he hit the ground and bounced ten more.

"Sarge!" Simmons took aim and fired a rocket at Artemis, hoping to hit her before she could recover, but she was already ready for it.

Artemis, instead of dodging, thrust her hands out and took the rocket full on. Instead of exploding, though, it pushed her back a few feet, her toes digging into the dirt. When she came to a halt, the rocket boost flared out and she raised the rocket above her, gripped in her right hand.

"Oh fuck me." Simmons muttered, stumbling back a few steps before Artemis pitched the rocket at him.

Luckily, Washington thought quickly and shot a grenade to intercept it. He succeeded in preventing the rocket from hitting Simmons, but the blast still knocked the poor Red off his feet and into a rock.

Artemis straightened her back and rolled her neck, sighing, "Three down..."

Grif eeped as Artemis diverted her cold stare to him, "Please, not the balls..." he muttered sheepishly.

Artemis started to take slow steps towards him, but a sniper shot rang out and Artemis screamed in pain as her right shoulder went limp and crimson droplets sprayed around her. Once all was said and done, Artemis was on her stomach amidst a small puddle of her own blood, struggling to get back up with just her left arm.

"Holy shit...I finally hit something!" Church celebrated from his perch on top of a nearby cliff, "I finally fucking hit something!"

Grif sighed in relief, "Dear god that was close..."

Washington lowered his weapons, approaching Artemis slowly, "So you done yet, girl? I don't like doing this to ya, but you gave us no choice."

"Don't...c-call me...girl..." Artemis retorted in between gritted, bloody, sharp teeth.

Washington crouched low next to her face, "The A.I. inside you is causing you to feel crazed, murderous...lost." he started, "I just wanna take it out and get rid of it. After that, you'll feel much better and you can go do whatever you want...as long as it doesn't involve maiming or killing us."

Artemis rolled over onto her back, her breathing heavy and shaky. With her eyes closed, she took one long, deep breath, then answered, "I said...I wasn't...done...yet."

Washington stood with a sigh, "Then I guess I have no choice." he raised his pistol then pointed it at her head, "Right between the eyes and you'll be done."

Artemis grinned, "If you can hit me."

Washington pulled the trigger, but the bullet buried itself in the ground beside her head, "The fuck?" he shot again, and got the same response, "How!" he continued to fire shot after shot at Artemis, but all of them missed. He eventually ran out of bullets.

"Nice aim." Artemis gave him a wide, bloody grin.

"H...how?" Washington looked at his gun in confusion.

"Seriously, the fuck was that?" Grif asked, walking up and aiming his BR at her, "This is how ya do it." he pulled the trigger and let out one burst of bullets, but every single one missed, "Fuck."

"How did she do that?" Wash asked.

"Don't ask me!" Grif shrugged, shaking his head.

"So let's ask h-"

Before he could finish, Washington was knocked out cold by a powerful punch to the helmet. The visor cracked as he flew back a few meters, spinning in the air slightly. Grif yelped and jumped back in surprise before receiving a roundhouse kick to his chest. He hit a rock a few meters away and was out as well.

"One more idiot left..." Artemis muttered, slowly turning her head to look at Church, who was far off at his perch.

"AAAAHHHAHAHHAAAAaaaaaAAAAHHH!" Caboose ran by, still screaming.

"Hehe...I like him." Artemis giggled, then flinched, grabbing her profusely bleeding shoulder, "Damn..." she reached behind her and pulled out a blue capsule. She slammed it into the ground and a blue

glowing bubble appeared around her. She closed her eyes and sighed as her wounds were slowly starting to heal. Her shoulder would still have a scar and wouldn't be entirely at 100%, but it would do just fine, "Now let's get him down so I can burn 'em all alive at once." she rolled her neck as the bubble dissipated, "Here I come, Alpha!"

* * *

><p>"Why won't she stay down!" Church shouted, frantically reloading, "This is insane!" He looked at Artemis approaching from afar, "Gatta take her out before she gets to me!" he finished reloading then stared down the scope to find that she was runnnig full sprint at him, "DAMNIT!"<p>

He fired shot after shot at her, but she swerved past all of them, the bullets burying into the ground. After unloading a whole clip, he started to reload again. Once he was done, he looked down to find Artemis already at the cliff...RUNNING UP THE SIDE OF IT, "Fucking kidding me!" Church turned and started to run away, "Tex, if you're ever gonna get here, NOW would be the time to do it!" Church looked over his shoulder and saw Artemis vault over the edge, then land immediately start sprinting after him. At the rate she would going, she'd catch him in seconds, "Screw it!" he tossed the rifle over his shoulder, hoping to slow her, but all she did was flip and twist by it, grabbing it as she landed and taking aim while continuing to run.

"Buh-bai!" She shouted, grinning.

Suddenly, something crashed into the ground directly in front of Artemis just as she pulled the trigger. The bullet flew astray into the sky as a large dust cloud kicked-up. Church slowed to a halt then turned around to see what happened, waiting for the dust to clear.

"What was that..." Church saw a large shadow pass by, then looked up to see a pelican flying low and fast overhead. He followed it until it crashed into the sea a ways out, "Seriously...what was that!"

"Sup guys. Who's next?"

Church recognized the voice instantly, "Tex!"

The dust started to settle and Church could clearly see Tex walking out of the dust cloud, "Miss me?"

"Tex! Some insane wolf-chick is trying to kill all us!" Church started, running back to Tex, "Wash says she's some secret Freelancer project named Ar-"

"AGENT TEXAS!" came Artemis's voice from the dust cloud, "I've been waiting for you!" the cloud burst apart, scattering the dust into nothing, to reveal Artemis climbing out of a small crater.

Tex turned away from Church and stared at Artemis intently, "You...wondered when you'd get out."

"So you knew about me as well?" Artemis asked, dusting herself off,

"Can you give me any information about my past that Wash didn't?"

Church looked from Tex, to Artemis, then back to Tex. There were a few moments of silence before, "No."

Artemis sighed, lowering her head in disappointment while Church wondered why Tex lied, "Of course you don't...or maybe you just won't tell me." she shrugged, "Well, let's get this over with. I'm starting to get annoyed at all this."

"Then why are you doing it?" Tex asked, pulling the BR off her back and checking to make sure it was ready to use.

"Because..." Artemis looked the sniper rifle over, noticing that there were only three shots left, "It's the only purpose for me: To kill."

"Church...run." Tex took aim and fired three rounds at Artemis, but she ducked and sidestepped, avoiding every bullet, "Now!"

Church did as he was told, heading for a slope leading to the base of the cliff, while Tex fired more rounds at Artemis. Every shot missed, though, for Artemis was too quick on her feet. Once the clip was used up, Tex started to reload, her hands flying around her. Before she was finished, Artemis stopped running, beginning to slide on her feet, and fired one of her three shots, hitting Tex's rifle and knocking it away.

"I only need two shots to kill you!" Artemis shouted, tossing her sniper rifle and catching the barrel in her right hand, "That's a promise!"

Tex stared at her rifle on the ground a few meters away, then at Artemis. She could either go for her gun again, or face her head on...considering the gun didn't work before, Tex figured, "Fuck it." she started a quick run to Artemis, "Bring it, Bitch."

"Gladly." Artemis grinned, turning slightly and taking a baseball stance, "Batter up!"

Tex saw what was coming and jumped, twisting in mid air and dodging the swing, barely. As soon as she landed behind Artemis, Tex went for a leg sweep, which seemed to work as Artemis fell, but before she hit the dirt, Artemis planted the barrel of her rifle into the ground and used it to hold herself up. Kinda like a hand stand, just on top of a vertical sniper rifle.

"Isn't this fun?" Artemis asked with a grin.

"Loads." Tex jumped and aimed a kick at Artemis again, but she pushed up and flicked away from the rifle.

"Missed!" Artemis flipped over Tex's head, landing softly behind her, "My turn!"

Tex whirled around just in time to catch Artemis's fist and prevent a whole lot of pain to her face, "You're fast." Tex complimented.

"You're strong." Artemis returned, her fist being forced back by Tex, "Seriously, you're strong as fuck."

"Yep." Tex pushed forwards, shouldering Artemis before twisting and throwing her towards the cliff's edge.

Artemis rolled through the air a few feet before planting her toes into the ground, sliding a couple meters to the edge of the cliff. She pressed her feet harder into the ground, slowing herself even more to prevent herself from slipping off the side. She came to a stop only a foot away from the edge.

"Damn..." she looked over her shoulder and over the cliff, "Nice throw." Upon looking back to Tex, Artemis saw that she was about half a second from receiving a devastating punch to her gut, "Fuck."

Artemis braced herself and caught Tex's fist with both her hands, but the force behind the hit caused her to slide back further, but not far enough to fall off, "You're also fast!"

"Damn right I am." Tex took a step forward and thrust both fists out, punching Artemis in her chest and her gut, as well as pushing her off the cliff.

Artemis gritted her teeth, staring back up at Tex as she fell, her hair and tail whipping about in the wind, "Damn it! This fall is going to hurt!" Artemis twisted around and reached for the cliff face with her claws. The moment she caught on, though, the momentum forced her to start flipping and rolling, bumping into the cliff face a few times before hitting a small slanted platform jutting from the cliff, "Gahhh!" Artemis broke the small rock off the cliff, as well as a few of her own bones, then continued to fall about twenty more feet before hitting the ground.

Artemis lay flat on her back, pain pulsing through her entire body as she stared up at Tex, way up on the cliff's edge, "God...damn..." she groaned, closing her eyes and rolling her neck painfully, "I gatta...keep going..." She opened her eyes again at the sound of metal hitting rock, and what she saw scared her. It was a grenade, and it landed right next to her, "Shit..." the same sound, except from her other side, caused her to look over to see another grenade coming to rest also right beside her, "Shit!"

Artemis gave one last, surprised and shocked look back up at Tex before the grenades exploded. Tex walked away as part of the cliff side collapsed from the explosions, rock and dirt piling down at the bottom.

Tex grabbed the sniper rifle first, then took her BR second, "Hmph, I almost felt sorry for her." Tex walked back to the cliff's edge and tossed the sniper rifle down amidst the pile of rubble, "Almost."

* * *

><p>Once back down, Tex was met by Washington and Church. She explained that Artemis was buried under a ton of rubble, so that they wouldn't have to worry about her again.<p>

"Tex, we didn't need to kill her, we just had to-!"

"Shut up." Tex cut Wash off, a little ticked about having to clean-up their mess, "You said the same thing to the Meta before he jabbed me in the face with that containment unit."

"Right...but still. She was scared, Tex. She just needed help."

"Well there's a difference between needing help and wanting help," Church interjected, "And obviously, she didn't want it."

"I'm agreeing with Church on this one." Tex said with a nod.

"Fine...whatever. It's done with, so just...whatever." Washington went to go check on everyone else to see if they would need help.

"So Tex, what's the entire story behind miss psycho tail?" Church asked once Wash was out of earshot.

"Excuse me?"

"I know you lied to her up there." Church explained, "I know you too well to tell when you're lying."

Tex sighed, then started to explain, "Very few knew this, but Artemis actually had somewhat of a life...well, as much as any other Freelancer, anyway. You see, everyone thought that she had never been activated before now, that she was forever to be asleep, but what actually happened was..." Church paused, turning away, "Well, she got her moves from somewhere, right? You can't just implant those into someone's head. She had to train with someone. She had to train with the best...so she trained with me, and York."

"But none of the others knew." Church stated.

"Nope, none of 'em. We trained together for a very long time, actually. York and I even became friends with her, you could say, but the fact was..." Tex turned back to Church, "Her only purpose in life was to kill. She was one day deemed ready to receive her A.I. partner, Alpha's sanity, but as you know, that didn't exist." Church nodded, "So...she went completely fucking psycho and killed almost the entire staff monitoring her, except for York and I, of course. We put her away, because we knew how to deal with her. We trained her, after all."

"Yet you didn't have any hesitation in killing her? You're a cold one, Tex." Church pointed out, looking over to the pile of rubble.

"I was helping her. Even if the A.I. was taken out, she would still be messed-up. Too messed-up to live normally." Tex started to walk to the base, "So now it's all done. Project Freelancer, as of this instant, is 100% dead."

Church watched her walk, wondering if Tex would be affected by Artemis's death, until he was blasted out of his thoughts by bang of a sniper shot. Tex fell forward onto her stomach, her blood spraying around her from a shoulder wound. Church turned around to find, to

his horror, Artemis, cuts, blood, and torn armor scattered around her body and a sniper rifle shakily held by her right hand.

"One bullet...left..." she panted out, one eye forced closed due to a bruise next to it.

"Artemis! Fuck, you're worse than Tex!" Church shouted, taking fearful steps back, "Oh shit...Tex!" Church turned on his heel and ran to Tex's side, "Tex! You okay?"

"Gah! Fuck no! I just got shot, dumbass!" she retorted, pushing herself up shakily with one hand, "Help me up!" Church grabbed her waist and pulled her up to her feet, then let her lean on him for support, "Now I know how you guys feel when I refuse to die!"

Artemis staggered closer to them, her left leg obviously broken or at least badly hurt. From the looks of it, she also had a broken rib (or two). Her left arm looked slightly bent incorrectly as well.

"It's been...fun...Texas..." Artemis panted before coughing up a bit of blood, "But now it ends."

Tex pushed Church away and started to charge Artemis, reaching for her combat knife strapped to her right shoulder, "This time, I'll cut off your head!" Tex shouted, "Come back from that one!"

It appeared as if Artemis was done for there, side she was obviously more beat-up than Tex, but just as Tex reached her, Artemis quickly jabbed Tex's bullet wound with the sniper barrel, knocking Tex off her feet, and onto her back. Artemis pressed all her weight onto the rifle, pushing it into Tex's wound painfully and causing her to groan in pain, "I look weak, Tex, but I am far from it." Artemis said with a growl.

"You're a good fighter. Very resourceful." Tex complimented, reaching her good hand up to grasp the barrel.

"I learned from the best."

"Wait...you remembered?" Tex asked, her grip loosening.

"Yep. Your grenades knocked some sense into me, I guess." Artemis said, "Or maybe it was all the rubble...I don't know..."

"So you're done hunting us?"

Artemis pushed the barrel harder, causing Tex to grunt in pain again, "Nope. I still want everything from Freelancer destroyed."

"But you're also a part of it!" Tex protested.

"I know. Once I'm done, I'll be joining all of you in hell." Artemis placed a finger on the trigger, stepping on Tex and moving the barrel to her visor, "Told you I'd only need two bullets." Tex started to flinch, awaiting her death (again), but Artemis suddenly became distracted by the sound of some kind of ridiculous music and a car engine, "What the...? What is that!" Artemis turned her head over her shoulder and saw a car resembling some kind of wild pig...or maybe a wild cat...? Well, whatever...She saw a car come flying over the

hill, Grif driving, Sarge in the side seat, and Simmons at the chain-gun, "Ho-ly shit."

"Hey Grif!" Sarge shouted as they soared through the air.

"What, sir?" he asked.

"SHOTGUN!"

Grif grinned behind his visor as they hit the ground and started to slide, "Gotcha." Grif grabbed the wheel and turned it to straighten the car right towards Artemis, "Eat car!" he shouted.

Artemis took a step back, growling, "Damn these guys!" Tex quickly took this moment of distraction and kicked Artemis off balance, then rolled out of the way of Grif. Artemis stumbled back to both feet, then grimaced in pain from landing on her broken leg, "Fuck me...gotta waist this damn bullet!" She raised the rifle and aimed as best she could with one arm, then shot, hitting her mark on the front right wheel.

"Ah shit!" All three of the Reds shouted as the car started to swerve out of control.

"Get ahold of the wheel, Dirtbag!" Sarge ordered, holding onto the top handle for dear life.

"I'm trying, I'm trying!" Grif shouted frantically.

"Ah! Screw it! Abandon ship!" Simmons shouted, turning and diving out.

Grif and Sarge did the same, rolling as they hit the ground just as the car swerved and entered a series of barrel rolls. Unfortunately for Artemis, it was still heading towards her.

"Ah, god damnit" Artemis tossed her rifle away then growled, "Wish I had that sword again..." She waited until the right moment, then jumped forwards, diving and rolling under the deadly vehicle just as it bounced off the ground and rolled through the air. After she was safely on the other side, she tried to roll back to her feet, but due to her messed-up arm and leg, she only managed to send pain through her body and fall flat on her face, "Gah, damnit!"

Artemis flipped herself over, her mouth wide open and panting and her eyes screwed shut, "Fuck, this is getting REALLY damn annoying!"

"Yup, but don't worry, it's about over." Artemis opened her good eye to see Sarge, Grif, and Simmons standing above her. Sarge had his shotgun aimed for her face, "I guess you're right...my magnetic shield can't block a shotgun at that close a shot."

Church and Tex, who was leaning on Church for support, approached the group, "She down for good this time?" Church asked.

"In a second." Sarge cocked the shotgun, then aimed it back at Artemis, "Any last words?"

Artemis thought for a moment, then said, "I'll see you all in hell?"

Yeah, I like that...see you all in hell!"

"Heh, like a true soldier. You all could learn a thing or two!" Sarge laughed, "Well, night-night, ya psycho freak!"

Sarge started to pull the trigger, but Tex suddenly shouted to stop him, "Wait!"

Sarge stumbled in surprise, his shot missing barely. Artemis rolled her eye over to the fresh holes in the ground next to her, "Holy fuck."

"What! What! What is it!" Sarge asked raising and waving his gun angrily.

"Yeah, can't we just kill her?" Grif pleaded.

"Tex...having second thoughts?" Church asked.

"No," Tex stepped away from Church, taking his pistol from his holster at his side, "I just feel like it should be me to do it."

Tex pushed Sarge aside and knelt by Artemis, placing the pistol right on her forehead, "Ah, sending me to hell personally?" Artemis asked, grinning.

"No. I'm just putting you to sleep." she said.

Artemis closed her eye and sighed, "Well in that case...g'night, Tex."

* * *

><p>*The next day...*<p>

"Hey Tex, you okay?" Church watched Tex unpack her stuff after recovering it from her crashed Pelican.

"Yeah, why wouldn't I be?" she asked, continuing to unpack her things without looking at Church.

"Well...you just killed your last real friend...and all..." Church stated quietly.

"Right...I did just do that, didn't I?" she finished packing, then just stared at her room, "...could you leave, please? I gotta clean my armor of this blood."

Church shook his head, but left anyway, "Cold as ice..."

Church walked up to the roof, staring out to the sea, "Wonder if she'll ever warm up a bit." he moved his eyes down to the grave marked by a cross made of sniper rifles with Artemis's helmet on the vertical one, "Considering her last friend is dead, by her hand, no less, that's probably not going to happen..." Church rolled his eyes before turning to see Caboose running in circles beside the base, still screaming, "Caboose! Hey, Caboose! You can stop screaming now!" Church shouted, "Fuckin' idiot..."

Caboose suddenly came to a stop, turning to face Church, "Is the mean lady dead?" he asked.

"Yeah, Artemis is dead." Church answered.

"I was talking about Tex, but that works too. Yay!" Caboose started to run in circles, cheering this time.

Church shook his head and walk back inside, "Wonder what Artemis is doing in her afterlife?"

Caboose stopped running, getting tired of doing it, and realized that he was VERY tired, so he started to head back to base. Before walking in, though, he had the feeling that someone was watching him, so he turned around and saw a shadowy, ghost-like figure leaning against one of the large rocks with it's arms crossed, tail flicking slowly, and teeth grinning sharply.

"Haha...you never cease to amuse me..." she giggled. Caboose stared at the apparition without speaking, "I'll be in touch."

The apparition disappeared, leaving Caboose alone again, "...well...that was odd..."

* * *

><p>Tex finished cleaning her armor and equipment and lay, back in her armor, on the bed. She was beginning to nod off when she suddenly had a feeling that something was...off.<p>

"Hey Tucker! I think I'm halucimasomething from lack of sleep!" Caboose shouted, walking past her doorway, "I think I saw that weird, mean cat-lady!"

Tex turned her head back to the ceiling, grinning behind her visor, "Artemis, you sneaky little bitch."

Artemis's ghostly form apparated directly next to Tex on the bed, laying in a similar position, "I always thought this place was hell."

"You have no idea." Tex agreed before the two bust out in laughter.

* * *

><p>When a being has but one single goal in life, but with no reason or motivation behind it, will this being try harder to accomplish this goal so it can find another goal, or will it find a reason to accomplish it first, so it can feel accomplished?<p>

Frankly...I have no fucking clue what I'm talking about...nor do I really care...I just felt like there should be a moral to this stupid story.

~Grif

End
file.